

The Evening World

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IDEALISM OR SUICIDE?

SOON after the great war began Theodore Roosevelt wrote an article advocating a league of nations with the somewhat startling title, "Utopia or Hell."

Rejecting the former alternative the world has suffered the latter.

Once again we are called to exercise judgment and will in the Valley of Decision. This time it is the British Navy League which presents the choice.

For two decades before the war the league felt impelled to urge greater and ever greater naval preparedness on the part of individual nations. Now it is championing "a conference between those powers whose geographical position imposes upon them the guardianship of the seas," thus completely reversing its former policy.

In a statement just issued by its Executive Committee, the League says:

"Science, as applied to destructive agencies, is forcing us ever more rapidly to the conclusion that the highest idealism of all is the only practical alternative to world suicide."

If we haven't the vision and will to move forward to the fulfillment of hope and desire, then we must submit to being "kicked up stairs." That is what it really amounts to.

The enormous burdens of competitive armaments under present conditions of super-costliness are intolerable. The destructive power of modern science, prostituted to the ignoble service of international strife, would make war, a generation hence, too hideous for humanity to endure.

When the navy leagues of the nations begin to talk of conferences looking to co-operative guardianship and gradual disarmament, we have a right to be optimistic on the threshold of the New Year.

Few nations but have suffered during the past century from the madness of militarism; but the curative values of war are beginning to show results.

It is to be hoped now that little time will be lost in moving forward to the next step—the calling of a special conference to draw up a Naval Reduction Convention between the United States, Great Britain and Japan.

Which shall it be—
Practical idealism or world suicide?

WHEN THE PUBLIC INTERESTS SO REQUIRE.

The said (Police) Commissioner may, whenever, in the judgment of the Mayor of said city (New York) or the Governor, the public interests shall so require, be removed from office by either, and shall be ineligible for re-appointment thereto.

—Greater New York Charter, Chap. 171, Sec. 270.

GREAT TENNIS.

THE American tennis players won the Davis Cup for the United States in the big tennis contest in New Zealand. The doubles match of last Friday settled that.

But to leave no lingering doubt that to America belongs by full right and title the most famous tennis trophy in the world, the American tennis stars, William T. Tilden and W. M. Johnston, celebrated New Year's Day by defeating in brilliantly played singles matches Gerald L. Patterson and Norman E. Brookes respectively.

It was great tennis, played in the most gallant and sportsmanlike spirit on both sides. The crowds in far-away New Zealand cheered the American victors to the echo.

The expedition of Capt. Hardy's team has been in every way a huge success and is likely to mean that this country will see some super-tennis next year, thanks to the determination of the Australians to regain the cup.

Whether it is New Year tennis in the Antipodes or July tennis at home, American tennis players have proved they can outplay the best. It is already certain that the names of Tilden and Johnston will have a permanent place of high honor in international tennis records of the game.

OVERWORKED HOUSEWIVES.

HAVE not heard a word here to-day about one class of sweated workers; I refer to the housewives," protested a member of the Chicago Woman's Club, after listening to several speakers who advocated improved conditions for women in industry.

"The young mother who cannot get any one to help her often works just as hard and injures her health to just as great an extent as the factory girls who are seeking to help," she added.

And the protesting member of the Chicago Woman's Club is right. We shed tears over the hardships of the downtrodden woman toiler in the mill and accept with callous indifference the over-worked housewife.

But if charity should begin at home, so also should justice.

In time of war we strive to arouse patriotism by picturing "the story of the trenches" drawing a

thick veil over repulsive actualities. In much the same way we try to cover the routine of domestic dullness with the romance of duty and the miracle of maternity.

In homes of modest incomes the housewife is expected to be a competent cook, a capable chambermaid and an experienced seamstress.

Also she must be an interior decorator, kindergarten teacher, judge of juvenile disputes, expert accountant, economical buyer and social secretary.

Few men in business or industry are expected to display anything like as much versatility as the average housewife. Confronted with a similar set of problems and tasks at the office, almost any business manager would feel he must employ an assistant manager, a private secretary, a stenographer, a typist, a bookkeeper, a filing clerk and an office boy.

Even if we must confess inability to find an adequate solution, either by increase of income or by labor-saving devices, at least we might avoid the sentimentality of weeping over factory girls while grumbling because the unassisted housewife doesn't manage somehow to get more done in twenty-four hours.

GOV. MILLER REPEATS HIS PLEDGE.

GOV. MILLER put into his inaugural address a phrase or two upholding "party considerations" and condemning "theoretical cures"—generalities calculated to please certain classes and interests who will interpret them in their own way.

On the other hand, what New York's new Republican Governor said about economy and the responsibility of this Republican State Administration for checking extravagance and waste in spending public money constitutes an inaugural declaration which, if he lives up to it, will assure him popular confidence and support regardless of party.

"Our first concern," declares Gov. Miller, "should be to establish order and to restore economy in the public administration."

"We who enter upon the discharge of official duty to-day are on trial. Our party is on trial. The task is heavy. The responsibility is great because undivided. We shall be judged solely by results, by success or failure."

That is as true in this State as it is going to be in the National Government, where a Republican Administration will have unprecedented Republican majorities in both Houses of Congress.

A few days ago a Republican Senator in the United States Senate—Senator Frelinghuysen of New Jersey—warned his fellow Republicans in Congress as follows:

"If we spend too much time in elation, abuse our power and fail to do that which the people expect, they will turn on us."

Gov. Miller realizes that the Republican Party in this State needs a similar warning.

The test of Gov. Miller will come when a Republican Legislature snaps its fingers at responsibility and sets out to spend money with the same old lavishness—leaving it to the taxpayers to make good.

It is with a special pledge to fulfil his obligations to these same taxpayers that the new Governor enters upon the duties of his office.

They will judge him by the consistency and force with which he adheres to that pledge.

There will be wide rejoicing over the news that the navigators of the missing naval balloon A-5598 are safe. From the Rockaway Point Air Station, where the balloon started on its endurance test, Dec. 13, to a little Hudson Bay trading post in the frozen north, nine days by dog sled from the nearest railroad, is a long journey by air or land. Lieuts. Hinton, Farrell and Kloor will have a thrilling story to tell. Their part in this endurance test is likely to prove a record.

FROM THE CITY OF HI LAN.

To the Heaven-Born Mayor of Pekin, China:
How the Great War has been an aid to the people in this City of Hi Lan and more particularly those in the high places of Government, is observed by your servant, Commissioner Hong.

No matter what may come to pass, always the Great War is accepted by all classes as sufficient excuse therefor.

Does a coal dealer demand vast profits from his business so the people groan, he says it is but the Great War, and all smile and are happy again.

Does a grocer sell three grades of coffee, all taken from the same sack and all at higher prices each than the other, he has but to tell his customers that this method is because of the war, and complaint is stilled.

Thus when citizens complain that the streets are unclean, Hi Lan, admirable Mayor of this place, tells all that this is because of the war. When robbers go about stealing and slaying, and refuse to be at peace even through the Christmas holiday given out by the Overlord of Police as a fitting time for them to operate in behalf of wives and sweethearts needing presents, the grumbling of citizens is soon stilled. The Overlord of Police tells them it is but the result of the Great War and so doleful have they become that they know-how and say excuse, please.

Might not this be used to advantage in Pekin, to still any unfriendly criticism of the administration by Your Excellency?

COMMISSIONER HONG

Still There's More to Follow!



By John Cassel

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(The New York Evening World).

From Evening World Readers

What kind of a letter do you find most readable? Isn't it the one that gives you the worth of a thousand words in a couple of hundred? There is fine mental exercise and a lot of satisfaction in trying to say much in a few words. Take time to be brief.

A Word of Praise.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Please allow me to express to you in this small way the regard and esteem I hold for your valued paper. Words cannot express the appreciation you well deserve for the wonderful work you have done for our crippled boys. In fact, you have always been the leader in such charitable movements and it makes your paper distinctive in its originality. You are square in all your articles and show that you are most surely for the people as well as protecting their rights in every respect. Allow me, please, to congratulate you on your efficiency, fearlessness and charity, and I can assure you of my staunch support as well as many, many others.

H. A. BRADLEY.
New York, Dec. 27, 1920.

Wants Co-Operative Shops.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Thousands of tailors are locked out or on strike. The Ne-De Workers' Union has a membership of 400,000. If each of the members would contribute \$10 toward a share, there would be \$4,000,000, enough to start a number of co-operative shops of their own. The elimination of the boss and several middlemen would mean better wages to the worker and cheaper goods to the consumer, of whom there would be plenty more than enough to insure the prosperity of the shops. This certainly would be much better than to waste the money on strikes that are sure to mean losses never to be made up again.

ALBERT STAHLER.
No. 339 Bronx Park Ave.
New York, Dec. 27, 1920.

Irishmen in the War.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

In a recent issue of your invaluable publication, a correspondent, one Hattie Bruch, confidently expects her own whole nation because of an apparent personal slight.

She is quite right in saying that Ireland "refused absolutely as a nation to take part in the war." But she should Ireland take part, as a nation, in the war, when she had not been recognized as a nation? She had not been recognized by a single one of the belligerent powers. Why, then, should she allow herself to be subjected to a national conscription?

However, Irishmen as individuals played a most protuberant part in preserving democracy. Time and space do not permit my recounting the many valiant deeds of the "fighting Irish." Even Hattie Bruch must concede this.

Your correspondent continues, "Shall the boys who served their country so well now sit idly by and see their streets and public buildings used for demonstrations of hate by a nation who did not, &c." Obviously referring to the Union Club affair. She did not tell of the evil leers on the faces of several members of the club on the upper floors. They were very content to see Irish sympathizers misbehave, and not until missiles flew did their nerves fall. Then they telephoned to the police for aid. The entire affair was a pronounced

how many of our ex-service men love England? They surely didn't show their animosity in the frequent encounters between English and American service men, particularly among the sailors. Our soldiers pegged rotten eggs and other decaying food-stuffs possessing appallingly odors at English actors who derided and belittled the Americans and their part in the war. Many a "limejuicer" was badly bruised as a result of the fiery wrath incited in our boys by the English and their abhorrent mannerisms. Does this show any particular love on the part of our heroes for England?

I would advise Hattie Bruch of Pillgrimage Pathway to read her letter over and under the guise of patriotism and carefully and revise it in certain places.

R. J. G.
No. 542 West 148th Street, New York, Dec. 27, 1920.

Comes to Ireland's Defense.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

The letter signed "Hattie Bruch" in the issue of your paper bearing date Dec. 27, 1920, is one which I feel that I cannot let pass without answer, for the reason that it is so replete with untruths and inaccuracies as to be almost laughable, were it not for the fact that it is written under the guise of patriotism and plainly for the purpose of venting that same race hatred and spleen which the writer so hypocritically denounces in the course of her own communication.

Had the writer not appended the address at which the letter was written, no intelligent person would have been suspicious of the character of the individual who wrote it, but suspicions become confirmations when the address of the writer is noted, and classification of the type of individual from whom the letter emanated becomes exceedingly easy.

Did it ever occur to Hattie Bruch that the reason Irishmen refused to be conscripted was because it has never been found necessary in the entire history of the world to conscript Irishmen for fighting purposes? From the days of the Crusades down to the present, Irishmen have always been found in the foremost ranks of those who battled for freedom, liberty and democracy, and by most persons it is a conceded fact that the Irishman makes the most willing and the ablest soldier in the world. Hattie Bruch's attempted reflection upon Irishmen and Irish people is a direct insult to the many thousands of men of Irish birth or Irish parentage who not only fought in the American ranks during the recent European War but who made the supreme sacrifice for America as well.

Certainly it would require considerable ingenuity and the most forced kind of interpretation to find any connection between the outward manifestations of patriotism by Irishmen in this country and any disloyalty that may have come from any quarter to young men who were in this country's service during the recent war. Such ingenuity and such forced interpretation might be person that Hattie Bruch reveals herself to be in her communication.

Answering the final paragraph of Hattie Bruch's letter, I would say that Irishmen do feel that they have back of them "the strong right arm of a nation which believes in liberty and equality for all people" because they and their forebears have given of their own blood and their own services so freely to all the peoples of the earth who have sought freedom in the past, that to them the idea of others falling them in their hour of need would be little short of monstrous.

HELEN V. CALLAHAN.
821 14th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

UNCOMMON SENSE

By John Blake.

(Copyright, 1921, by John Blake.)

DEAL IN GOODS THAT YOU CAN MARKET.

The man who works at the next desk to — and gets better pay has more valuable services to sell than you have. He may not do as hard physical work. He may not work as long hours. But his work has a higher value than yours or he wouldn't get more money for it.

Two men start together at manual labor. One digs ditches. The other carries a hod. The man who digs ditches will probably dig ditches the rest of his life. He will have little chance to learn any higher branch of the ditch digging business. For when ditch digging becomes sublimated it is done by machinery.

With the man who carries the hod it is different. He can by close attention learn to be a bricklayer. A bricklayer gets big wages. If he has intelligence he can save part of his wages and become a contractor. And after he is a contractor his success will be limited only by his business ability.

If you are in an office where men are paid varying salaries, study the men who get the big salaries, and find out why they get them. If it is because they have learned some particular branch of the business that pays well, it will do you no harm to specialize in that branch.

If there is a possibility of making the job you have of more profit to the concern, go at that hammer and tongs until you do it. Never doubt that you will get better pay if you can show the boss how to make more money. To make more money is the one thing he wants to do. And he cannot afford to neglect any opportunity to do so that offers, even if it must be embraced by paying one of his help a bigger salary.

Your stock in trade is your brain and what is inside of it. If your goods are in demand you will be well paid for them. If they are the kind of goods that can be bought at a very reasonable figure from ninety-nine men out of every hundred, you will get very low pay for them.

It pays to turn out marketable goods. There are in California orange growers who are always sure of a market for their fruit at the highest price, while men who own the same kind of land and apparently the same kind of trees are often left with part of their crop on their hands.

The successful orchardists take care of their trees, put up their fruit attractively and never try to market any but the best they grow. Try that with your mental wares some time. Give your attention to turning out the best energy and the best thought you have in you. Study the needs of the company or individual you are working for. Give them what they need and your salary will be raised without any application on your part.

Words From the Wise

Art is long, life short; judgment difficult, opportunity transient.—Goethe.

Love truth but pardon error.—Voltaire.

The whole sorrow of humanity oppresses me.—Faust.

A useful trade is a mine of gold.—Proverb.

The World's Oldest Love Stories

By Maubert St. Georges

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(The New York Evening World).

GAWAINE AND THE LOATHLY LADY.

ONE Christmas as King Arthur and his knights were celebrating the Nativity a maiden in distress appeared claiming, as was the habit in those days, protection from the King. She had been on her way to get married when approaching a strange castle the knight she loved had been taken prisoner by enchantment and she herself maltreated.

Immediately upon hearing this King Arthur himself set out to redress this wrong. But no sooner had he issued out his challenge than he suddenly felt himself weak, unable to grasp a weapon, and he was easily overpowered by his opponent, an evil, gigantic, churlish knight. Instead of immediately throwing him into a dungeon the latter gave Arthur a chance of freedom, telling him that if in one year he could discover "what women wanted most" he would be free without ransom.

For a whole year the King rode asking his question to every woman he met. Many were the answers he received: riches, splendor, love, position, pomp, mastery, and so on. He had no lover, beautiful children, beautiful dresses, but in his heart he knew none of these was correct. One day, at last, when the year being almost up, he was riding devotedly to offer his answers to his captor he was startled while in a forest by the sound of a woman's voice greeting him. He looked about him and beheld a woman lovelier than any he had ever seen, so ugly that he thought he must be bewitched. But she went on speaking, saying she knew his trouble and would give him the answer to his riddle if he would promise on his part to grant her wish. He agreed to this request. To this he agreed and learned that what women desire above all things is to have their own way, which upon his fulfilling the churlish knight the latter, though much angered, nevertheless set him free.

Arthur then returned to the ugly lady and found that he had only tumbled from the frying pan into the fire, for the woman demanded that he find in his court some young and courteous knight who would be willing to marry her. Now the King could scarcely command one of his knights to marry one so ugly and deformed, yet on the other hand he stood to break his kingly word where before he risked only his life.

Returning to his court, Arthur next day summoned all his knights to a hunting party and led them in the direction of the loathly lady, whom shortly they came upon sitting beneath a holly tree. Sir Kay and Sir Mordred began to jeer at her, but the King commanded them to stop, informing them that he had pledged his knightly word that one of them would marry her. Upon this all drew back but Sir Gawaine, the King's nephew, who realizing the situation, and pitying this woman so helpless among so many churlish knights, dismounted and knelt at her feet. Taking her hand and bending over it he said, "Lady, I will be your husband, loyal and true, if you will have me." At first she could not believe he was serious, but when at last she realized it she sprang up weeping, which made her seem uglier and her deformities more obvious as she stood, then mounting on his horse rode to Camelot. That evening they were married, but though none made her welcome save Arthur and Guinevere yet so perfect was Gawaine in courtesy, dignity and grace that none dared laugh or even smile.

When his wife had retired, Gawaine thought of her gratitude, and went to his chamber once more to assure her of his loyalty. Imagine his astonishment on seeing a maiden dark, young, lovely, tall and graceful, addressing him as husband. She told him she was the victim of an enchantment, the conditions of which now permitted her to be as lovely as she was ugly and ugly the other half, according to her husband's desire. But Gawaine, smitten by her charms and well-nigh speechless, said that her chameleon would be released when she put him several difficult questions, but he always gave her the correct answer. Finally she burst into tears, saying that she would be released when he told her which of the two halves she would have. In all things he had released her from the spell which a witch in jealousy of her beauty had laid upon her. Not only that, but the churlish knight, who was her brother, had been released also and would henceforth serve him faithfully.

The next morning when the knight and the lady descended into the great hall, where all were noisily awaiting the ugly, loathsome lady, they were duly surprised and punished for their greed, while the knights realized how foolish they had been not to obey the laws of chivalry which they had sworn to obey.

Our National Monuments

Muir Woods National Monument.

NO National Monument is the playground of so many people as Muir Woods, located in Mill Valley, only seven miles in a direct line from San Francisco. This tract of wonderful redwoods was donated to the Government by William Kent of California. Many of the most beautiful redwoods in California are in Muir Woods, some of the trees being 300 feet high, with a diameter of 18 feet or more. Besides the redwoods the tract contains many beautiful oaks and firs. These redwoods are the oldest living things on earth, dating back to the time when now extinct species of birds and animals were living among them. If they could tell their story we would know of the early days of the West Coast, who have left no history.

Because these beautiful trees are so close to San Francisco and neighboring towns they afford easy access to the city folks seeking a quiet spot. Every Saturday afternoon at the San Francisco Ferry Building can be seen hundreds of young men and women dressed in khaki and ready for a week-end outing. A large proportion of these are headed for Mill Valley and Muir Woods, where they can lose themselves among these monuments of a past age. The trees are carefully protected from vandalism by the custodian, Andrew Lind. During the past year visitors to the